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VOL. 58.—No. 5.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1880.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* having been performed on the second Saturday of the season, it was almost a matter of course that the third should be devoted to Wallace's *Maritana*. The two operas are never far apart. They are the Siamese twins of lyric drama, and it would be hard to find anywhere in the artistic world a closer parallelism than exists between them. Akin in subject and method, they were produced by composers of the same nationality within little more than a year of each other. Side by side, since then, they have gone the round of the English-speaking world, meeting with equal good fortune, and when they share the common lot of mortal things it will, no doubt, be said of them by many a *laudator temporis acti*, as was said of two famous men in olden time—"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided." This, however, is looking forward a long way. Just now there are no signs of approaching dissolution about either of the pretty gipsies, and as Her Majesty's Theatre was crowded on Saturday week with enthusiastic friends of Arline, so it was filled on Saturday last with equally ardent admirers of *Maritana*. It would be absurd to affect surprise at the enduring popularity of the two operas, and we are not at all sure that anybody need regret it. A man was once heard to say, on leaving the theatre after a performance of *Fuilelio*—"It is like Somebody's (adjective) symphony in E flat." He represented a large class amongst us, who enjoy their ballad concerts and ballad operas, and benefit by them so much that other people need only trouble themselves to see that these things are good of their kind. By-and-bye, perhaps, we shall all rise to the level of "Somebody's symphony in E flat"—the adjective then vanishing—but, while many of us are still children, it is early to sneer at a milk diet and kick toys into corners.

The performance of *Maritana* gave immense satisfaction, a good deal of which may fairly be attributed to the merit of the artists engaged. Miss Burns, as the heroine, looked well and sang admirably. Her acting lacked the vivacity and point required by the character, but these qualities may come with further experience of stage work, and even now their absence is largely made up for by the young lady's powers as a vocalist. The audience were of this opinion throughout, but especially so when they applauded "The harp in the air" with enthusiasm, and encored "Scenes that are brightest." As Lazarillo, Miss Josephine Yorke made her mark in "Alas! those chimes," which she would have been called upon to repeat had she sung it far less well. But for Mr Maas (Don Cæsar) were reserved the honours of the evening. He has played the part of the scapegrace Don often enough to be familiar with all its requirements, and he sings such well-known songs as "Let me like a soldier fall" and "The memory of the past" with capital expression. From this only one result could flow, and, as well as representing the hero of the play, Mr Maas was the actual hero of the hour. Mr Ludwig, as Don José, obtained an encore for "In happy moments," the minor parts being equally well sustained in their degree by Miss Ella Collins (Marchioness), Mr Snazelle (King), and Mr Brooklyn (Marquis). How the band and chorus played and sang music so familiar is easily imagined, and under the direction of Mr Pew the evening's work was all smoothly done.—D. T.

On Saturday Wallace's good old-fashioned English opera, *Maritana*, was given before a crowded house. The "cast" included Miss Burns (*Maritana*), Miss Yorke (*Lazarillo*), Mr Maas (*Don Cæsar de Bazan*), and Mr Ludwig (*Don José*). Mr John Pew was the conductor. *Times* (Jan. 26).

Sir Julius Benedict's ever-welcome *Lily of Killarney* was added to the repertory of Mr Carl Rosa's season on Tuesday night, and would probably have been enjoyed by a larger audience, as well as better appreciated by those actually present, had not a dense fog darkened the streets and obscured the stage. A theatre filled with mist is not exhilarating; nevertheless, the performance went on as cheerfully as possible under the circumstances, and everybody, on the stage and off it, agreed to "make the best of a bad job." There is not much to be said concerning what was done, the opera being too familiar for further remark, and most of the performers having frequently appeared in the same parts. Miss Gaylord again presented an attractive and sympathetic Eily O'Connor, looking the character to the life, acting with simple truth to nature, and singing with unforced expression. Her three principal songs were all received with great applause, the "Cruiskeen Lawn" having to be repeated. Miss Yorke appeared, as on former occasions, in the rôle of Mrs Cregan, and Miss Warwick played Anne Chute. The male characters were sustained in a manner equally familiar. Mr Packard, as Hardress Cregan, helped to win an encore for the popular duet, "The moon hath raised her lamp above," and excited his audience to make a similar demand for "Eily Mavourneen," which, however,

was declined. The Danny Mann of Mr Leslie Crotty again made a favourable impression, more especially in the beautiful air, "The Colleen Bawn," which was, of course, sung a second time. Once more, also, Mr Charles Lyall's quaint humour as Myles-na-Coppaleen diverted the house beyond measure, and Mr Snazelle's characteristic embodiment of the good priest, Father Tom, won favourable recognition. The cast was completed by Mr Leahy (Mr Corrigan), Mr Thomas (O'Moore), Mr Harrington (Hyland Cragh), and Miss Ella Collins (Sheelah). Sig. Randegger conducted, and under his careful guidance Sir Julius Benedict's charming work received all the justice necessary to a fitting display of its beauties.—D. T.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

We hear a good deal from time to time of the hard fight which genius has to wage in a commonplace world, and mediocrity, anxious to explain why honours are refused to itself, is never likely to let the argument rest. But mediocrity in search of new examples will slip past Herrman Goetz and pretend not to see him. The case of the Zurich musician points another way, and suggests that the world is not so very stupid after all. Here was a composer who started in life heavily weighted. His talents were not of the precocious kind which excites wonder; he had neither powerful friends nor the personal qualifications that enable a man to secure the "most sweet voices" of the crowd; those who knew him best never claimed for him the quality of greatness, nor would the most keen-sighted speculator in human brains have thought him worth the trouble of "exploiting" in any shape or form. Naturally, as it seemed, Goetz fell into the lowly place of a provincial organist, and if anybody thought about him at all, it was, perhaps, with a perfect understanding that he would live an obscure life, and, at death, obtain no more than a few lines in a local paper. Many men would have accepted this estimate, and never tried to falsify it, nor do we hear that Goetz at any time struck attitudes in the public places and said, "Behold a prophet!" He did better than this to the same end. He worked at his art, painfully and slowly as we believe, but with a resolve that the talent confided to him should not return to the Giver without interest. For a long time he had no reward. How, amid the world-filling strains of great masters, and the clash and clatter of musical swash-bucklers, who are always beating their shields in the world's ears, could the timid pippings of an unknown organist at Winterthur or Zurich catch the attention of men? So for long men knew nothing of him, but when at length their appreciation was challenged by *The Taming of the Shrew*, at Mannheim, in October, 1874, they were ready to give it, and, at a bound, Goetz sprang into the light. As in Germany then, so in England later. Till Herr Carl Meyder brought out the opera at Drury Lane in 1878, we knew nothing of the composer, and, as it was, we were only permitted to get a first glimpse of him through the mists of a bad performance. But we saw enough for a resolution to see more, and Goetz came to the front with giant strides. Speedily we made the acquaintance of his one symphony; his one cantata, *Nenia*; his one psalm, "By the waters of Babylon"; the more important of his works for the chamber, and his *Frühlings Overture*. Nothing of public honour was refused him; the only cause for regret concerning the new master being that he had written so little and could write no more. Here, at all events, we find no case of genius carrying public favour by saps and trench. Goetz, like Joshua, blew his trumpet, the walls went down, and he took possession. Let the fact be a lesson to others who have blown for some time without any such result. Perhaps something is wrong with their instruments.

Mr Carl Rosa's determination to bring out *The Taming of the Shrew* was looked for as a necessary consummation of the young master's English success. Wanting it, the shade of Goetz might be supposed discontented, even in the Elysian Fields and among the illustrious ghosts of greater men, who in their time had a large acquaintance with "hope deferred." The opera laid the foundation of the Zurich organist's fame; it is his greatest work, and by it the future will chiefly know him. Propriety, therefore, and even obligation, joined business instinct in an assault upon the will of the one manager to whom we look for genuine enterprise. And, as was readily foreseen, they carried their point. The first performance placed the opera, but half visible before, in a full and sufficient light; public opinion will soon pronounce upon it, and, whatever the verdict, the event must be regarded as, for Goetz, a consummation, since even with his second opera, *Francesca di Rimini*, in reserve, an appeal is hardly possible. In forming an opinion as to the work, various important matters demand consideration. First of all arises the question, "Was the subject wisely chosen, either with reference to the general exigencies of lyric drama, or to the special character of Goetz's thought, feeling, and expression?" We

are disposed to answer in the negative. The lyric drama demands broad and easily comprehended situations, dominated by powerful emotions, the expression of which, and that only, is the province of music. The situations, moreover, in any work of serious purpose, must be dignified as well as simple, else between the form of expression and the subject matter an incongruousness is set up inevitably damaging to both. We do not find much regard for these facts in *The Taming of the Shrew*, although the librettist, Herr Widman, was evidently conscious of their existence. Shakspeare's play, though loosely constructed, and encumbered with a counterplot not less uninteresting than complicated, chiefly claims our attention from a psychological point of view. True, it does not show us how one mind can conquer another by subtle means, but rather how the stronger nature can subdue the weaker by meeting like with like—anger with anger, defiance with defiance, violence with violence. This is an elementary exposition, perhaps, but it is admirably set forth in Shakspeare's dialogue, every line of which may be regarded as more or less necessary to the working out of the result. But the very excellence of the play in this respect unfits it to become the subject of an opera wherein arguments cannot be exhibited nor processes shown save in skeleton form. Nor is this all. Admitting the drama to association with music, it is impossible to see how the music can be serious. A virago and a pretended "woman-tamer" fighting for mastery may be made more presentable by the light and airy touch of a comic composer who shows us that he himself regards, and wishes us to regard, the whole thing as a broad joke. But Goetz most distinctly was not and never could have been a comic composer, as we understand that personage. He took far too serious a view of things, and the drollest situation would probably have struck his sober and reflective mind as typifying a grave truth. In this mood he seems to have approached the more important scenes of his opera. We know not what he saw behind the farce of the shrew taming. It may have been the conquest of savage nature by man when he turns her own resources against her. But it was evidently something serious, for in his exposition Goetz never laughs. He may be right, since it is possible to see "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," even a matrimonial squabble, but the ordinary opera-goer who wants amusement is likely to entertain some doubt thereanent. We must in fairness add that Goetz here shows himself fully equal to the claims of high and refined comedy. His treatment of the scene in which the pretended teachers woo Bianca under cover of a lesson is charming in its elegance and truth, and reveals power that might, had the lamented composer lived, have led to surprising results. But lower than this—into the domain of farce—Goetz could not go. *The Taming of the Shrew*, to a certain extent, therefore, impeaches the soundness of his judgment. Does it also impeach his musicianship? This question may be met with a negative as emphatic as utterance can make it. Setting aside the predominating want of harmony between style and theme, the entire opera is an illustration of musical genius and skill. It is so in various respects. Amateurs familiar with other works by the composer will readily assume that, while making liberal use of modern resources, the opera keeps to orthodox lines. This is precisely the case, and we see in it a striking exemplification of the fact that, to be dramatically true, it is not necessary to make a "new departure." Just as Beethoven's greatest symphony is but a development of the model of his first, so *The Taming of the Shrew*, with all its freedom from the bondage of rigid forms, with all the symphonic importance of its orchestration, and with all its liberties of expression, is but a development from the model of Mozart. No heresiarch of our day has part or lot in Goetz. The Zurich composer belongs to the true musical conservatives, who enrich the art, as we English enrich our mother tongue, by gathering from all quarters, while subordinating everything to the general laws that have come down to us consecrated by genius and weighted with the authority of time. It is not so clear that Goetz possessed in any special degree the faculty of dramatic characterisation; want of which explains, perhaps, why those who hear *The Taming of the Shrew*, and are not connoisseurs, find the music monotonous. The personages of the drama are sufficiently marked and contrasted to allow room for great effects, but Goetz has not used the opportunity well. All the actors in the play may be said, putting it broadly, to express themselves much alike, and the variety in the music springs only from change of feeling or situation. This is a drawback to the interest of the work, but, after all, we are not sure that amateurs will trouble themselves greatly about it. Say that Goetz, as here exemplified, is not a perfect composer of opera, he is, at least, a great and gifted musician, whose errors and shortcomings where his art touches the drama are no more than like little flecks of cloud upon the blue expanse of a summer sky. Good music in opera is supreme, even where it

is not precisely operatic music. Herr Wagner may show that this is illogical; but our world is a very illogical place, and many of its absurd contradictions are the very things that help to make it decently habitable. Taking the music in *The Taming of the Shrew* simply as music, we have a theme about which eloquence—even copious eloquence—is easy. But little purpose would be served here by eulogy in detail. Suffice it to point out the forms of beauty that on the occasion of its production at Her Majesty's Theatre, acted upon amateurs like the glittering eye of the "Ancient Mariner" upon the "Wedding Guest." In the first place, the entire opera is a stream of melody. Stage and orchestra alike are full of tune, often original, sometimes quaint, and always charming. Next, the concerted music, a good deal of which is structurally elaborate, shows great power of combination, and it would not be easy to find in modern works a more vigorous or well-sustained *finale* than that which closes the third act. Upon it alone the claims of Goetz, as a writer of such music, might safely rest. As for the orchestration, it is nothing short of superb in its richness, fullness, variety, and constant interest. Goetz was not of the "big guitar" school. His orchestra is a part of the drama, not a mere appendage. It scolds with Katherine and storms with Petruchio; it is senile with Baptista, sentimental with Bianca, and love-sick with Lucentio. And all the while it is a study for those who look at processes rather than results. For play of colour, cunning adaptation of means to end, characteristic employment of instruments, and a dignity of style, the orchestral score of *The Taming of the Shrew* has not many superiors. To sum up, the opera must needs be a musical success. Whether it will be a popular success also is a point that can only be considered aright in connection with the performance.—D. T.

THE TABLET.*

(Impromptu for Music.)

I saw an old man carving,
From marble snowy white,
A lovely little lily,
O'er which had pass'd a blight.
The fragile stem was broken;
Some chill, destroying breath
Had roughly swept the blossom,
And wrought its early death.
Beside the flower was lying
A slab of ebon shade,
Its sable to the lily,
Funereal contrast made!
Panning, I asked the sculptor,
"For whom this tablet-stone?"
"For a young and beauteous wife,
Whose husband now is lone!
Ah! lady, she was lovely,
With hair of golden hue,
With light angelic gleaming
In eyes of tender blue.
Her voice was like dream-music,
Her laughter seemed a peal
Of elfin joy-bells, rather
Than anything more real.
No cottage-home but knew her,
Her joy the sad to soothe;
Brows, deepest knit with trial,
She never failed to smooth.
She won souls from despairing,
Her accents having power
To lure back Hope's bright presence
In Pain's most gloomy hour.
And she was worshipp'd, lady!
Ay, loved as few are here;
Blood-tears from hearts half broken
Fell thickly on her bier.
Yes, Death came with his sickle
And swept our Flower away—
We prayed, we sobbed, we pleaded,
But no, she might not stay.
And this sweet snowy lily
I carve is meant to be

The emblem of her beauty,
Her fate, her purity.
I am an old man, lady,
And Fancy's dreams are o'er,
But, as I work, I listen
For footsteps, that of yore
Ne'er pass'd my humble dwelling,
Until, with winning smile,
She'd sought from care and sorrow
The lonely to beguile.
And when I feel I cannot
Hear that light tread again,
Then Faith alone can yield me
The power to bear my pain.
Yet, what is my bereavement
To his who weeps alone,
Feeling his darling near him,
Knowing that she hath gone?
The strife 'tween the ideal
And the stern real's so sad,
Save just for Mercy's tendance,
How many would die mad!
When agony hath reft them
Of strength with grief to cope,
And wrung out all the music
From the soft voice of Hope?
But, thro' Life's wildest tempest
And darkest night, there come
Low, thrilling whispers guiding
The stricken gently home!
Ah! lady, there are bright drops
Within thy kindly eyes!
God bless thee! for this tribute
To her beyond the skies!"
The old man's accents falter'd,
His sobs he could not stay,
And, letting fall the chisel,
He, weeping, moved away.
Then I stroll'd slowly homewards,
And, mused of human lot,
Years fled, but I that sculptor
And tablet ne'er forgot.

* Copyright.

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

Nessler's *Rattenfänger von Hameln* has now been performed at Strassburg, the composer's birth-place.

THE BURNS COMMEMORATION CONCERT AT
ST JAMES'S HALL.

Scots in London owe a debt of gratitude to Mr Austin for the great treat prepared for them on Saturday night. That Mr Austin knows how to cater for the sons of the North is evidenced by the fact that his Scotch concerts are almost without exception crowded to overflow. He has made them his own, and this last was perhaps the most successful of all, whether as regards the programme or the attendance. The great attraction of the evening was Mr Howard Glover's cantata, *Tam o' Shanter*. The countrymen of Burns are as familiar with *Tam o' Shanter* as they are with the Ten Commandments. Mr Kennedy's reading of the highly dramatic poem is well known; but it is now many years since we had a performance in London of Mr Glover's cantata, and we venture to hope and believe it will not be the last by many times. The son of the great actress has shown in this work that he possesses much of his gifted mother's dramatic power. He was a bold man to undertake *Tam*; but that he has been highly successful cannot be doubted. From beginning to end the performance was listened to with wrapt attention. This was scarcely to be wondered at, seeing that Mr Sims Reeves was the soloist. We remember seeing an announcement in a play-bill that not only had Mr Braham undertaken to sing the ballads in an opera, but that he had also kindly undertaken to study the part! That Mr Reeves had carefully studied Burns' great poem was evident throughout. Nothing could surpass his exquisite rendering, whether as regards its artistic finish or dramatic power, carefully husbanding his voice for the somewhat exacting finish, where the "unco sicht" of Kirk Alloway have to be described, Mr Reeves began in a quiet graceful manner the opening solo, "Oh, gentle dames!"

In solo and chorus we are told how—

"Ae market night
Tam had got planted unco right :
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely,
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny.

* * * * *
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter
And aye the ale was growing better :
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious ;
The Souter tauld his queerest stories,
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus.
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

* * * * *
As bees flee hame wi' lades of treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure :
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

Then comes the beautiful apostrophe on the pursuit of pleasure, rendered in Mr Reeves' most finished style—

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed ;
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever ;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can paint their place ;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.

But time wears on—

The hour approaches Tam maun ride.
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast ;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd,
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd :
That night a child might understand
The deil had business on his hand.

* * * * *
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;

* * * * *
The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Near and more near the thunders roll ;
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk Alloway seemed in a breeze.
Through ilka bore the beams were glancing,
Whilst loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn,
What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
Wi' tipenny we fear nae evil ;
Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil !
The swats sae reamed in Tammy's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.

* * * * *
But vow ! Tam saw an unco sight !

* * * * *
There sat Auld Nick in shape o' beast ;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge ;
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.
As Tammie glower'd, amaz'd and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious.
The piper loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit.

* * * * *
Ev'n Satan glower'd and fdg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main,
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, cutty-sark !"

The audience, having been gradually worked up to a tension of excitement, were fairly startled when Mr Reeves, reaching this climax, screamed out "Well done, cutty-sark !" The effect was electrical, and the hitherto suppressed admiration found vent in long sustained applause.

The band and chorus, under Mr Weist Hill and Mr Latter, were highly effective throughout, but more especially so in the parts descriptive of the storm and the weird and "uncanny" goings on in Kirk Alloway, so graphically described by the poet. Mr John Cheshire rendered effective service in the harp *obbligato*, and Mr Frank Boyle undertook a subordinate solo part. The last notes of the cantata were followed by round after round of applause—it seemed as if the audience wished to have it all over again. It only remains to notice briefly the remaining portion of the programme. In "The land o' the leal" and "Scots wha hae" Mdmé Patey gave evidence of the wonderfully different effects which may be produced from the altered accentuation of the same melody—the one full of the most tender pathos, the other of heroic fire. Mdmé Patey was called upon to repeat both, as a matter of course. Miss Meason received a well-merited re-call for "My heart is sair." Mr Edward Lloyd has made "Oh, open the door" truly his own. It has long "blushed unseen," but its "sweetness" cannot longer be overlooked. "Flow gently, sweet Afton" is an old favourite, and both were so exquisitely rendered by Mr Lloyd as to be called for again and again. Mr Walter Clifford sang with great force and expression, "Gae bring to me a pint o' wine," and was invited to repeat this fine stirrup cup ditty. Mr Maybrick was so successful in "The Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman" as to be asked to bring him back again. The Deil came back, but he had disposed of the Exciseman! Mr Frank Boyle had a gem in "Highland Mary." It was sweetly rendered, and was encored. Miss Clinton Fynes, accompanied by the orchestra, gave a Scotch fantasia on the pianoforte, introducing "Kelvin Grove," "Huntingtower," &c., and produced a good impression. Mr Macgarth was no less successful in a cornet solo of Mr Weist Hill's, "The Scottish Emigrant's Farewell" (played for the first time). The Scotch Selection for the orchestra, with solos for violoncello, flute, oboe, and clarinet, was also most favourably received. Owing to the numerous encores, the programme was shortened by the omission of the overture to *Guy Mannering*; but all seemed satisfied, and a most successful concert was brought to a close with "God save the Queen."—W. H.

NOVARA.—Miss Alice Williams, a pupil of Mr Goldberg at the Royal Academy of Music, under the name of Alice Guglielmi, made her first appearance here as Capraio in the opera, *Dinorah*. The *Trovatore* and *Gazetta dei Teatri* say: "La Guglielmi sang her part with great vivacity. She has an excellent method and a voice at once flexible and of agreeable quality. She was greatly applauded." [We are glad to find our Royal Academy of Music furnishing Italy with English singers of real promise.—W. D. D.]

SPECIAL SERVICE AT ST PAULS.

The anniversary of the Feast of St Paul's Conversion was celebrated on Monday under the dome of our metropolitan cathedral by a special service, in which, according to the custom of recent years, a prominent share was allotted to music. About the main part of the service, which took the usual evening form of prayer, praise, and thanksgiving, it lies not within our province to speak; but some brief remarks connected with the music will hardly be considered superfluous at this time, when a conviction becomes more and more general that the art which speaks the same eloquent language to all nations cannot be more worthily employed than as an adjunct to religious worship. The conductor, as on similar occasions, was Dr Stainer, who now occupies the position for so many years honourably filled by Sir John Goss, successor to Thomas Attwood, Mozart's favourite pupil. The zeal and ability which Dr Stainer brings to his responsible task are unanimously acknowledged, as also the fact that he loses no opportunity of raising the standard of excellence naturally looked for in the choral services at St Paul's, the growing improvement of which admits no denial, as yesterday's special service was quite enough to demonstrate. The musical contingent was amply provided for, and the result, in almost every respect, was an unquestionable test of efficiency. The choir numbered 250 men's voices and 75 voices of boys—the former, irrespective of the ordinary attached force, consisting partly of professionals, partly of amateurs, the supernumerary boys representing delegates from the Chapel Royal, Temple, Lincoln's Inn, &c. The orchestra, the importance of which in such exceptional circumstances cannot well be over-estimated, comprised fifty players, with Mr Amor, who deservedly ranks among our chief orchestral violinists as leader, and professors like Mr Lazarus (clarinet), Mr G. Horton (oboe), Mr T. Harper (trumpet), Mr Hutchins (bassoon), &c., at the head of their various departments. After a voluntary on the organ from Mr G. C. Martin, Dr Stainer's talented deputy, the value of this body of practised executants was at once made evident by a highly effective rendering of the overture to Mendelssohn's *St Paul*, which, if only for its treatment of one of the most striking of Lutheran chorals—first in the slow introduction, then in the masterly fugued movement that ensues—would be fitting prelude to a truly great and lasting work. This, with characteristic significance, prepared the minds of the vast congregation for what was to follow. That Thomas Tallis's imperishable setting of the "Versicles" was used may be readily understood. The Psalms (110, 112, and 167) were sung to chants respectively by Crotch (in B flat), Lamb (in F), and Stainer (in C); the "Gloria," at the end of each being given in unison by the entire choir, with full organ accompaniment—always an effective climax. We may here suggest that a few more really good psalm-tunes by modern English composers would by no means be unwelcome. Dr Stainer himself might take the hint. We are aware that to make a psalm-chant anything more than a psalm-chant is not given to all the world of Church composers; but it has been given to some people, and there is no apparent reason why the examples these have set should not be followed out. To many composers a psalm-tune (harmony and all) is but a psalm-tune. Take, for example, a hundred such, and let us see how many among them can be set aside as exceptions to the general rule, that one is much like another. True the ground is restricted, and it is very difficult to traverse it in an unmistakably individual manner. With the German Protestant chorals the case is otherwise; but for how much of this we are indebted to J. S. Bach and his disciples (especially to Bach himself), we are not prepared to decide. He, by his marvellous harmonisation, helped to idealise not a few of them. The *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* in C, by Mr Eaton Fanning, of our Royal Academy of Music, first heard at—and, we believe, composed expressly for—the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy in 1878, was acceptable again, as earnest work just suited to the purpose. In each movement the meaning of the text is happily interpreted, the vocal and orchestral writing is legitimately good, and the recurrence, in the *Nunc Dimittis*, of much that has already been heard in the *Magnificat* confers artistic homogeneity on the whole. The execution of these portions of the service left nothing to be desired; and the impression created was such as to suggest the inquiry as to why Mr Fanning, after two years' interval, had not brought forth something new of the same kind—some-

thing, in short, to afford evidence of progress in a right direction. Possibly he has done so, in which case it would have been more than welcome on such an occasion as that of yesterday. The selection from *St Paul*, occupying the position of anthem, comprised the scenes of the Conversion, the Preaching, the Persecution and self-announced Martyrdom, with every incident of which, as impressively set forth by Mendelssohn in his first oratorio, our readers must be well acquainted. The performance, under the direction of Dr Stainer, left very little room for criticism. It is unnecessary to go into particulars, but it may be mentioned that the choruses were in most cases admirably rendered. "Rise up, arise and shine" (with its succeeding choral, "Sleeper's, awake"), and "How lovely are the messengers that preach the gospel of peace"—which, put side by side with Handel's "How beautiful are the feet," shows how two composers could treat the same subject in a wholly different, though equally felicitous, manner—were especially to be commended, the one for vigorous delivery, the other for careful observance of light and shade. The recitatives and solos, too, were in thoroughly competent keeping, the voices of Messrs Keningham (tenor), Winn (bass), and other established members of the choir, including two boys, with whose names we are unacquainted, for the chief soprano parts, doing excellent service. At the conclusion, as parting voluntary, Mr G. C. Martin played J. S. Bach's magnificent organ Prelude and Fugue in G minor.—*Times*.

AMERICAN PRESS AMENITIES.

(From the "New York Philharmonic Journal.")

The *Musical Times*, started a few months ago, is welcome to the field of musical journals, and is an attractive and rather English looking weekly. A great many musical journals which began as weeklies have developed into weaklings; and the best that we can wish for the *Times* is that it may not prove to be one of the number. Thus far in its career our new sister has seemed burdened by the weight of its intense respectability, perhaps because its acknowledged promulgators are entirely unknown to artists, and its signatures to contributions are almost as good as anonymous. Whether such a musical journal can be expected to influence Art is a question open to discussion. For ourselves, we believe in personal power. "A pupil of Liszt" is a better introduction than "a graduate from Leipzig." A card of recommendation from Rubinstein is more honourable to a piano-maker than a puff from a newspaper would be, unless an artist and composer was known to edit the paper. People used to take the *Tribune* because it was Greeley's paper, and the *Times* because it was Raymond's. But, as we said before, the influence of anonymous musical journalism is one of the uncertain quantities. We do not believe in it. A few honoured names at the head of such a journal as the *Times* would vastly help the respect felt for it among educated musicians, such, for instance, as Mr John Cornell for the Church Music department, Mr Carl C. Muller for the Contrapuntist's Corner, Dr Damrosch as Orchestral critic, S. P. Warren as Organ editor, Miss Cecilia Cleveland as writer on *Salle d'amour* techniques, Mr A. H. Parsons as editor of the Pianist Corner, &c.

We merely throw out these hints, believing that so attractive a periodical as the *Times* ought to be profound as well as attractive, which at present it certainly is not. Radically, we have no more faith in a respectable musical paper than in a respectable daily. By this we mean a paper absolutely without offensive paragraphs. A daily cannot live without lies, ridicule, cant, and smut. If it attempts to be an instructor, it degenerates into pedagogism, and no public will pay for being thrashed. If it reflects public opinion it must become a sink of corruption, and is cursed by the very men who pay for it. But a paper dealing with teachers, organists, pianists, orchestral players, and especially singers, deals with lying, ignorant, money-loving, cheating, vain, superficial cut-throats. Now we ask how in the name of Heaven is a journal devoted to the interests of such a den of asps to be made "respectable" and live? It never was known in America yet; nor do we believe it soon will be. All respectable musical journals have hitherto been financial failures as papers; and all successful ones have been disreputable. Still the experiment is worthy of trial, even as our Saviour tried to save the whole human race. Nevertheless, we welcome our new and handsome sweet little sister, the *Musical Times*.

Mr Mapleson's Italian season closed in Boston (U.S.) on the 10th inst. with *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Mdlle Marimon sustaining the part of the heroine.

Valentine.



TO MINNIE HAUKE.

From all the stars that now do shine
I choose thee for my Valentine,
Thou dainty, pettish Katharine!

Poet's Corner.

Wellben Bentwell.

[Humph! A fortnight in advance? An impromptu, perhaps, which, like an "unbodied joy," has let itself out too soon. Hereby hangs a tale. Have the locusts changed positions?—D. B.]

CARMENCITA'S KATE.

Miss Minnie Hauk's success as Katharine fully came up to the expectations of those who knew that she originally "created" the part, and enjoyed in it the full confidence of the composer. Her conception of the character commended itself not less by propriety than truth. It is a part easily overwrought and made offensive, and not less easily painted in too low a tone and made tame. While avoiding Scylla, Miss Hauk kept clear of Charybdis, securing, on the one hand, sympathy for a woman who is not bad at heart, but only "out of trim," and, on the other, showing her as sufficiently a shrew to make the taming process interesting. Miss Hauk displayed throughout a perfect acquaintance with the music, not a bar of which lost its point in her hands. Her more important airs were liberally applauded, and the first, "I'll give myself to no one," was encored, while the clever young lady's entire performance commanded the admiration so justly its due. Of equal rank with Miss Hauk's Carmen is, decidedly, her Katharine.—*Daily Telegraph*.

TO CARMENCITA KATHARINE HAUKE.

IMPROMPTU.

Oh lovely Carmen! charming Shrew!
Your ire is sweetest music, O!
It stirs the blood and fires the brain
Of Don-José-Petruchio.
Oh Kate, sweet Kate, thy saucy airs,
To womankind and nature true,
Have carried off the laurel crown
For Goetz's Taming of the Shrew.

WEISTAR.

A Symphony written by Oscar Möricke and dedicated to the *Hof-Capellmeister*, Herr Rheinberger, was recently performed, under the direction of the composer, in Cologne.

BRUSSELS.

(Correspondence.)

The second Conservatory concert, under the direction of M. Gevaert, was a great success. The first part of the programme contained only pieces of a past age: a madrigal by Waelrant, airs from Rameau's ballet of *Castor et Pollux*, chorus from Gluck's *Echo et Narcisse*, overture to Cherubini's *Lodoiska*, and an air from Mozart's *Titus*, sung by Mdlle Deschamps. Beethoven's Symphony in C minor filled up the second part. The grand Musical Festival forming part of the rejoicings to celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of Belgian independence will commence on the 21st July, and last three days. Only works by native composers will be performed.* The first day will be devoted to composers now no more; the second to M. Pierre Benoit's cantata, *De Oorlog (War)*; the third to composers of the present day and to the soloists. The Société de Musique refused a short time since the task with which they had been entrusted of organizing the Festival, if the Government still insisted on the performance of M. Benoit's Cantata and the co-operation of certain vocal associations from Antwerp. The Society wanted to select symphonic and choral works of the great classic masters, and furthermore demanded that the execution of these works should be confided principally to the professionals and amateurs of Brussels. So serious was the dispute that at one time the safety of the Festival appeared gravely compromised, but within the last few days an understanding has been arrived at, by which the Society agree to carry out the Festival in July on a promise from the Government that they shall subsequently get up a festival similar to those which have been given at Ghent, Antwerp, Liège, Bruges, and Mons.—With the support and sanction of the Government, the Cercle Artistique have opened subscription lists for the erection in the Zoological Garden of a hall, measuring 4,000 square metres, in which to hold the Musical Festival in July, and another which they propose organizing in August.

"A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED ENGLISH OPERA."—Whatever may be the opinion of scientific musicians and writers of exacting taste as to the technical merits of *The Bohemian Girl*, that its popularity has survived criticism is a fact beyond dispute; and if it be true that nothing succeeds like success, the late Mr Balfe's music, married to the late Mr Bunn's words, together form one of the most successful of modern operas. *The Bohemian Girl* is a favourite wherever the English language is spoken, and music-saturated Germany has adopted a work in direct contrast to the latest musical cult of Northern Europe. Mr Carl Rosa, who has evidently made a study of popular taste, was, as the event proved, justified in including this example of Balfe's earlier manner in his present series of revivals at Her Majesty's Theatre. A crowded audience assembled, and accorded to the opera a welcome as enthusiastic as if it had been presented there for the first time. As one by one the old familiar airs fell upon the ears of the full house, expressions of the most complete satisfaction arose on every side. When Miss Georgina Burns gave the famous "Gipsy girl's dream" the reception was gratifying, and the encore pronounced. Indeed, a stranger to our native school of music might easily have imagined that, to the knowledge of the audience, "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls" had not been ground upon countless barrel-organs and whistled through the streets for nearly two generations.—HERR RITTER VON K. [Not quite two generations, Herr Ritter—at least, if you count generations by "ponies."—DR BLIDGE.]

LEIPZIG.—The novelty at the thirteenth Gewandhaus Concert was a Symphony in C by Herr August Reissmann, who conducted in person. It was performed with great care, but received with comparative indifference. Mdlle Agnes Zimmermann played Sterndale Bennett's Pianoforte Concerto in C minor, a charming Gavotte of her own composition, and other pieces, Herr Carl Schröder, a member of the orchestra, giving Eckert's Violoncello Concerto. Both lady and gentleman (lady especially) were warmly applauded. The concert ended with Brahms' "Variations on a Theme by Haydn."—Herren Reinecke and Schradieck have given two concerts, at which they played Beethoven's ten Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violin—five at each concert. The proceeds were devoted to the sufferers by a recent accident in the Zwickau mines.

* A hint for some of us at home.—W. D. D.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

TWENTY-SECOND SEASON, 1879-80.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

Will take place on

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 2, 1880.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET in E flat, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Mme NORMAN-NERUDA (last appearance but two),
MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI *Cherubini.*
SONG, "Die Allmacht"—Mr BARTON MCGUCKIN *Schubert.*
ADAGIO and VARIATIONS, in F major, Op. 34, for pianoforte
alone—Dr HANS VON BÜLOW *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, in G major, Op. 78, for pianoforte and violin (first time)
—Dr HANS VON BÜLOW and Mme NORMAN-NERUDA *Brahms.*
SONG, "The cooling of the dove"—Mr BARTON MCGUCKIN *Davies.*
QUARTET in G minor, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello—Dr HANS VON BÜLOW, Mme NORMAN-NERUDA, Mr
ZERBINI and Signor PIATTI *Mozart.*

Conductor—Mr ZERBINI.

THE ELEVENTH SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT OF THE SEASON,

THIS DAY,

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 31, 1880.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in C major, for two violas, viola, and violoncello—
Mme NORMAN-NERUDA (last appearance but three), MM. L.
RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI *Mozart.*
RECIT. and AIR, "In native worth"—Mr EDWARD LLOYD *Haydn.*
SONATA, in F sharp minor, for pianoforte alone—Mlle JANOTHA *Mendelssohn.*
SONATA, in D minor, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment
—Mme NORMAN-NERUDA *Rust.*
SONG, "I'll sing thee songs of Araby"—Mr EDWARD LLOYD *Clay.*
QUINTET, in E flat, Op. 44, for pianoforte, two violins, viola,
and violoncello—Mlle JANOTHA, Mme NORMAN-NERUDA,
MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI *Schumann.*

Conductor—Mr ZERBINI.

Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, One Shilling. Tickets to be obtained of Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier, 38, Old Bond Street; Lamborn Cook, 23, Holles Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Chapside; M. Barr, 80, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at CHAPPELL & Co.'s, 80, New Bond Street.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATUM.—Mme EDITH TOUZEAU.—Our Plymouth correspondent, who stated last week that this lady "had been studying abroad for three years," was misinformed. Mme Touzeau studied Italian singing under Signor Brizzi and oratorio singing under Mr Josiah Pittman in London. Her "three years abroad" were professionally employed.

DR UMBER BROWN.—The Katharina of the Shaksperian play is shrew, but the Petruchio is shrewer. If every Gill found such a Jack, the two might run up a hill as nimbly as a pair of chamois. They might also toddle down the hill (given the hill), like John Anderson and *uzor*. Bear in mind that "Jo" signifies "Rom" in Bohemian (ask Minnie Hauk), and that Johannes has nothing to do with the hill Johannisberg which has a bleak and a sunny side, a bleak and a sunny wine, each of which is put down by Rhenish hotel-keepers, though the latter (like "Veuve Clicquot") is all drunk up by the owners of vines and composers of wines before delivery to the Czar and the as yet uncivilized world in general. Dr UMBER Brown should write his own autobiography, or another "Life of Chopin."

W. M. (Blackpool).—We shall only be too glad. But please remember two things:—"Bis dat qui cito dat," and "Brevity is the soul of wit."

AMOROSO.—Fiddlestick. "Amoroso" had better leave the Moon to herself. She careth not for such maudlin homage, and is much surprised to learn that her stricken ones are styled lunatics on the bosom of her big sister, Terra. She can no more help her strokes than her great-great-grandfather, Sol, can help his. A moon-stroke is, after all, but a mild form of sunstroke.

POLKAW.—Alter the "Name" to Sarah Bernhardt. That will do. About Ambrose Thomas (may his shadow never be less!) you shall hear anon. "Caporal" be blowed! *Pendennis* is the greatest of all works not bearing the name of Shakspeare. And that's the "green reflection" of it. (*Mes Larmes.*)

HENRY SMART MEMORIAL FUND.

Patrons.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, K.G.; His Royal Highness the Prince Leopold, K.G. **Vice-Patrons.**—The Earl of Aberdeen; the Rev. James Bellamy, D.D., President of St John's College, Oxford; Theodore Walrod, Esq., C.B. **Acting-Treasurer.**—R. Ruthven Pym, Esq., 59, Strand, W.C.

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Hon. Secretary.—Robert S. Calcott, Esq., 1, Campden House Road, Campden Hill, London, W. **Bankers.**—Messrs Coutts & Co., 59, Strand, W.C.

BIRTH.

On January 26th, at 22, Hans Place, South Belgravia, the wife (*née* Sophie Ferrari), of FREDERICK JOHN PAGDEN, Esq., of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

On January 22nd, at Trinity Church, Marylebone, EMANUEL AGULAR, of Gloucester Crescent, Hyde Park, to ELLEN, widow of the late G. Britton, of Plymouth.

DEATHS.

On January 21st, at Ferndale, Kilburn Priory, after three days' illness, EMMA, the beloved wife of Joseph Alfred Barnett, aged 63. R. I. P.

On January 22nd, at Lupus Street, S.W., JAMES COWARD, organist of the Crystal Palace, aged 55.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the *MUSICAL WORLD* is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1880.

PLAIN TRUTHS.

No. 1.

If Beethoven had given us nine operas, instead of nine symphonies, Wagner and his teaching would have been impossible.

APOLLONIUS TYRINUS.

To William Chappell.

PAPE AND BALDENECKER.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Can any of your most generally enlightened readers give me some information about Baldenecker and Pape? All I was made to know about Pape is that, though an extraordinarily gifted musician (a Schubert in his way), he used to wander about, on

foot (*zu fass*), from town to town with symphonies *hors ligne* in a dilapidated *portefeuille*, vainly hoping to get one or more of them performed somewhere or somewhere else. Ferdinand Praeger, until he got irretrievably buried under the Nine Books (which, like those of the Sybil, might be reduced to one, without loss to mankind), could, a quarter-century ago, fill up a pleasant evening at the Hummums, or a morning at Verrey's in the Palais Royal, with anecdotes of Pape; but now alas! perished in Wagnerics, he is Wolzogenically woe-begone. About Baldenecker (of whom the benign "G. G." says nothing in his Dictionary of Everything) I can remember right well something—before recounting which, however, I must disburden myself of an epigram:—

*There was an old author called Friswell,
Of whom I can recollect this well—
His Christian name's Hain,
And that's all I can gain
Of light upon Mr Hain Friswell.*

Thus "Dilettante Curtainlifter." Meanwhile, I postpone what I have to say about Baba Baldenecker, and what "Plauderei" Ferdinand (not Hiller) has to say about Papa Pape, the foot-sore symphonist.

I hear that, in consequence of George Grove's retirement from the Crystal Palace, the Saturday Concerts will, next year, be discontinued. If so, the sooner the semi-dilapidated edifice crumbles into atoms the better. Let "the Palace made o' windows," immortalised by the immortal Thackeray—who, if he had only shown us Warrington and Pendennis (Arthur—not the Major), Blanche and Laura, cheek by jowl, to say nothing of the rest, would have been a world-benefactor—let the Palace, I say (as the old reviewers in *Blackwood*, the *Edinburgh*, and *Quarterly* used to say), dissolve into thin air, like that Palace of Aladdin. Who, now-a-days (*per Hercle!*) knows the difference between an old lamp and a new—between the *Battle of Prague* and *Mazeppa*—between Kotzwara Ditters and Abbate Liszt. Not even yours truly,

GROKER ROORES.

Pin and Mammoth (Uttometer), Jan. 28th.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

"Talk of inexhaustible mines! Explore the Haydn Quartet mine alone (he had the Symphony mine as well), and long before we reach the bottom of it we shall be over-burdened with treasures—treasures of priceless worth, if only because of their ineffable purity." Thus the learned and excellent annotator of Mr Chappell's programmes in the book supplied to last Monday's audience, and we are wholly in sympathy with the enthusiasm he expresses. But we shall never be "over-burdened" with Haydn's treasures, to which the proverb, "One can have too much even of a good thing," cannot apply. There are blessings of a ponderous nature, and a few of them go a long way; and there are others that stimulate instead of satiating appetite. Haydn's music belongs to the second category. We can never have too much of it; wherefore let Mr Chappell go confidently on in his exploration of the "Haydn Quartet mine," digging deeper and deeper, and sending more and more treasures to the surface. It will be a long time before those on the upper ground signal him to hold his hand. The work produced for the first time on Monday night was a quartet in E flat (Op. 20, No. 1)—the forty-fourth by the same master which has been played at these concerts. Remaining, therefore, for future enjoyment are no less than thirty-nine, a balance that goes far to justify the director's recent activity in the matter of Haydn's music. Let Mr Chappell exhaust the thirty-nine as speedily as may be, since playing a quartet for the first time, however sweet the process, is not like sucking an orange. The sucked orange is thrown away, the played quartet remains as good as ever. "You cannot have your cake and eat it," says the proverb.

Cannot we? The quartet in E flat was thoroughly well digested last Monday night, but is as competent to be eaten again next Monday as, we are sure, those who enjoyed the feast are ready once more to sit down to the same dish. Like every work of Haydn's, the quartet in E flat has special characteristics in addition to those shared by the whole of its enchanting family. We meet with them in the curious trio, with its divisions of ten and twelve bars respectively, and in the bold, nay, audacious, return to the minuet (E flat) from the dominant seventh chord of F minor. How true it is that the voluminous works of this old master anticipate everything in modern art that we fondly regard as new. They scarcely leave our worst heretics a chance to call their sins their own. The closing movement is equally remarkable as an exemplification of Haydn's surprising freedom when in the bonds of strictest counterpoint. A good many of his successors don't like to put on this harness. It galls them, they cannot run in it, and prefer to snort and neigh in a state of nature amid the freedom of the prairie.* Old Haydn had no such objection and no such preference. He was a splendid master, and to such as he circumstances matter little—"Stone walls do not a prison make, Nor iron bars a cage." The quartet was admirably played by M^{me} Néruda, Messrs Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti, and, if not received with an uproar of applause by an audience waiting, perhaps, for Dr Hans von Bulow, it met with the loving appreciation of those whose vision of a great composer cannot be obscured by a "lion" pianist. Dr von Bulow appeared in due course, and played in his now well-known style Beethoven's sonata in C minor (Op. 111). His interpretation of this work gave unmistakable satisfaction to most of those present, by whom the performer was several times re-called. Dr von Bulow subsequently joined Signor Piatti in Beethoven's sonata (G minor) for pianoforte and violoncello, which excited the best efforts of both artists, and was played with great effect. Last of all, came Rheinberger's pianoforte quartet in E flat (Op. 38), a work upon which we have several times commented, and as to which it need only be said now that the performance was admirable from beginning to end. Miss Amy Aylward supplied the vocal music, and sang in a most acceptable manner a charming song by Gounod, "My beloved spake," and one not less pretty in its way, by Jensen, "The Linden Tree." Mr Zerbini accompanied on the pianoforte in excellent style.

* On this account it is forbidden at Bayreuth to speak in sympathetic terms of "fugue." The Oracle, however, is scarcely politic (or at least strictly oracular) here; for it need hardly be told to musicians that the entire *Zukunft* party, from Cartright (Wagner) to Forceps (Liszt), could not manufacture a tolerable fugue among them. Therefore the Fugue must be addressed by the "Seven" as school-boy exercise.—*Theophilus Duerck*.]

HENRY SMART MEMORIAL FUND.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I have the pleasure to forward to you a circular which will show the progress that has been made in the matter of the "Henry Smart Memorial Fund" since the preliminary meeting in October last. The committee list will shortly be closed, and I shall be glad if any gentlemen who have received invitations to join the committee, but have not yet signified their intention of doing so, will communicate with me without delay.—ROBERT S. CALLCOTT.

1, Campden House Road, Camden Hill.

HENRY SMART MEMORIAL FUND.

Upon the lamented death of the late Mr Henry Smart, many of his friends and admirers suggested that his eminent services to music should be commemorated in some suitable manner. In October last a preliminary meeting was accordingly held in London, at which it was resolved to take immediate steps for the establishment of a "Henry Smart Memorial Fund," and a provisional committee (with power to add to their number) was appointed to carry out the object desired. H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh and H.R.H. the Prince Leopold have kindly consented to allow their names to appear in connection with the Fund, and have expressed a lively interest in the success of the undertaking. It

is hoped that one of their Royal Highnesses will honour the committee by acting as chairman at the general meeting which will shortly be held for the purpose of appointing a working committee and deciding upon a definite course of action. It has been suggested that, if a sufficient sum can be raised, arrangements should be made for the establishment of a scholarship, in Mr Smart's name, at one of the Universities, or, if that is impossible, at either of the principal musical institutions in this country, and in the meantime for allowing his widow a life interest in the proceeds of the Fund. This and other matters connected with the scheme will be arranged at the general meeting of the committee.

MR BETJEMAN.—Another interesting feature of the performance (of *Mignon*) is the Giarno of Mr Betjeman. Mr Betjeman is a man of many talents. In addition to being an energetic stage manager, he is also a singer and a capital violinist, and plays his fiddle on the stage in true gipsy fashion, instead of looking for a substitute in the orchestra.—*Times*.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Within the last few weeks three organ appointments have been conferred upon students of this institution:—*Christ's Hospital*—T. Collingwood Banks (late J. T. Cooper, deceased); *Foundling*—Miles Birkett Foster (succeeding Mr Willing); *St Pancras*—Henry R. Rose (succeeding the late Mr Henry Smart).

POPULAR CONCERTS.—Another quartet by Haydn (in E flat), the forty-fourth introduced at the Popular Concerts, was played on Monday night by Mdme Néruda, Herr Ries, M. Zerbini, and Signor Piatti, with the same success that has attended every one of its precursors. Mr Arthur Chappell is doing real service to art by his frequent reference to the comparatively unknown works of a master whose fertility of invention was as prodigious as his science was consummate.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN AT BALTIMORE.—(Extract from a private letter).—"I write a line by Saturday's steamer to tell you the concert is over, that all has gone well, that A. S. is delighted with the Baltimoreans. . . . After dinner at the hotel he held a reception in his own rooms, to which a number of gentlemen came—committee, press, &c. He afterwards went to Ford's Opera-house, and, the fact being made known, he was cheered so continuously that he was compelled to go on the stage, and bow his acknowledgments. . . . The Academy of Music was crowded with a brilliant audience, and the music went admirably, many things being encored. The English (Irish?) musician had an extraordinarily cordial reception. . . . The *Pirates of Penzance* is still doing enormous business every night. They have made arrangements to send out two companies—one for New England, and another for the South (Washington, Baltimore).

DR HANS VON BÜLOW.—The first recital of this extraordinary pianist came off on Wednesday afternoon, attracting a large audience to St James's Hall. There was nothing new in the programme. Herr von Bülow began with the D minor suite of J. S. Bach, which he had already introduced at the Saturday Popular Concert—a piece that has been a favourite with our own pianists from Sterndale Bennett, forty years ago, to Arabella Goddard, &c., yet which some erudite critics appear to imagine was quite a novelty to "unmusical" England (it may possibly have been a novelty to them). Herr von Bülow also gave ("by request") the E flat sonata from Beethoven's "Op. 31," his peculiar reading of which called forth some memorable comments from Dr Ferdinand Hiller, with which everyone who thinks Beethoven should be Beethoven, and not Bülow, Rubinstein, Liszt, or any of the family of the "Hittites" (so styled by an eminent Teutonic pen), must agree. The eight *Capricci ed Intermezzi* (a difference without a distinction) of Johannes Brahms, with selections from Chopin, Liszt, and Rubinstein—all played in perfection—completed the programme, which was loudly applauded throughout.

FRIBURG-IM-BREISGAU.—Mad. Josephine Schulze-Killschtyg, a once celebrated singer, died here on the 1st inst. aged ninety. She was born in Vienna, and her first master was Salieri. In 1812 she was engaged as *prima donna* at the Royal Opera-house, Berlin, where she "created" the principal female characters in Spontini's operas. She continued at the same theatre till her retirement in 1831. Her place was taken by her daughter, Hedwig Schulze.

CONCERTS.

Mlle FELICIA DE BUNSEN gave a *matinée musicale* at the residence of Mr and Mrs Dobree, Portman Square, on Thursday, Jan. 29. The singers were Mlle Victoria de Bunsen, Signora Avigliana, Miss Maud Irving, Mr Trelawny Cobham, Signori Vergara and Fogelberg. M. Leon Castali was the violinist, and Mr John Thomas the harpist, Mlle Felicia de Bunsen and her pupil, Miss Cheffins, taking the pianoforte under their special charge. Between the first and second parts of the programme Mlle Giulietta Arditì recited a well known piece with her accustomed taste and fluency, and was applauded as she well deserved. Mlle Felicia de Bunsen contributed a movement from a concerto by Herr van Boom, Chopin's "Fantaisie-Improptu," a "Romance" of her own, and a "Polka de Concert" (whatever that may signify). Miss Cheffins, her pupil, in a *Polonaise* by Chopin, exhibited both talent and promise. Mr John Thomas played his characteristic sketch, "Autumn," with such delicate manipulation that in the mind's ear one could almost fancy the leaves, brown and yellow, falling softly from the trees. In the "Rêverie" of Henri Vieuxtemps how a genuine artist can dream while fiddling—an excellent thing in violinists. Besides joining Signor Vergara in a duet from *La Favorita* and the same, with Miss Irving and Mr Cobham, in the quartet from *Rigoletto*, Mlle Victoria de Bunsen gave the "Habanera" from *Carmen* and some national Swedish melodies—all in her most finished and expressive style. Signora Avigliana contributed an aria from Verdi's *Forza del Destino*; Signor Vergara "O casto fior" (*Re di Lahore*), and a Romanza by Denza, "Giulia"; Signor Fogelberg an aria from Rossini's *Otello*; Mr Cobham Gounod's "Maid of Athens;" and Miss Irving Schira's exquisitely beautiful melody, "Sognai." The "conductors" were Sir Julius Benedict, Messrs Henry Parker, and Lindsay Sloper.

MISS LAURA GREY gave a concert on Thursday evening, Jan. 22, at Onslow Hall, South Kensington. The singers were Misses Laura Grey, Blanche Grosvenor, Laura Matthews, Mlle Barri-Guido, Messrs Alfred Rudland, A. E. Faulkner, H. Prenton, and Signor Jervis Rubini. The violinist was Miss Dunbar Perkins, and the pianists Mlle Barri-Guido and Signor Jervis Rubini. The programme, chiefly consisting of modern compositions, was, judging by the frequent applause, quite to the taste of the audience. Miss Grey contributed Marzials' "Twickenham Ferry" and Cowen's "It was a dream" (so popular at Mr John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts). She also joined Miss Grosvenor and Mr Rudland in H. Leslie's trio, "Memory," and Signor Jervis Rubini in Campana's duet, "Te'l rammenti." Mlle Barri-Guido sang (vocalist and pianist in one) Dudley Buck's "When the heart is young" like a veritable doe, and played Emile Prudent's "Reveil des Fées," a Gavotte by Mr Layton, and her own spirited Improptu (in F). Miss Dunbar Perkins gave Handel's Violin Sonata in A, and Alard's Fantasia on *Masaniello*, in finished style, and was ably accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr F. A. Jewson. Signor Rubini and Mr Lovett King were the "conductors," and the concert was in all respects successful.

DR VON BÜLOW'S RECITAL.—Dr von Bülow gave a pianoforte recital on Wednesday afternoon, at St James's Hall, before a numerous and appreciative audience. Brahms's eight *Capricci ed Intermezzi*, Op. 76, a highly interesting work, was the novelty of the programme, which also comprised Bach's English *Suite* in D minor, recently played by Dr Hans von Bülow at the Popular Concerts, Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, Op. 31, and minor works by Chopin, Liszt, and Rubinstein.—*Times*.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Lady Goldsmid has presented a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Music, to be competed for by female pianists who have already been studying two years in the Institution, and enable the successful candidate to continue her education free of cost; this being the third scholarship given by her Ladyship, in addition to the one bequeathed by the late Sir Francis Goldsmid. Mrs Meadows White (better known as Alice Mary Smith, under which name her orchestral and vocal compositions have been produced,) has made a donation of £60 to the funds of the same long-established and highly esteemed School, in testimony of its valuable services in the interest of Art.

PESTH.—Señor Sarasate's concert in the small Redoutensaal, on the 18th inst., was crowded. He played Ries' Suite, Op. 27; the "Faust-Fantasia;" Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto; and, in response to an encore, his "Gipsy Airs," winding up with his "Spanish Dances." Herr Dunkel was pianist, Mlle Margit Wein, vocalist.

PROVINCIAL.

BOWDON.—Dr Horton Allison played Beethoven's Sonata in C sharp minor ("The Moonlight"), one of his own "Lyrics," and a Concert Fantasia, by Liszt, on subjects by Mendelssohn, at the third classical dress concert, on Saturday evening. Dr Allison played from memory, and his performance was greatly appreciated by a large audience. The other items of the programme comprised two songs by Miss Lullement; Mendelssohn's Quartet in E minor, Op. 44; and Mozart's Quintet in G minor, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello, played to perfection by Signor Riseigari, M. Speelman, Herr Otto Bernhardt, M. Hochstetter (director and founder of these concerts), and M. Vieuxtemps (of Charles Halle's orchestra). The audience were aided in their enjoyment of these works by the analytical programmes which M. Hochstetter provided for their use, being granted the right to print from his plates by Mr Arthur Chappell.

[Wall (Harry), you're wanted. Ware Wall. Wall is a great matter.—STAUNTON BLIDGE (M.D.).]

BLACKPOOL.—Monday evening's concert at the Winter Gardens was indicative of excellent taste, and considerable foresight too, on the part of Mr Morgan, the manager. A concert more "after the heart" of the music-loving public has never been given at the Winter Gardens, and the great success achieved induces the belief that if, during the season, vocal concerts similar in character to that of Monday evening were to a large extent substituted for instrumental concerts, the popularity of the gardens would be greatly increased. The artists were Miss José Sherrington, Mdme Poole, Mr Redfern Hollins, and Mr Thureley Beale. We regret that want of space precludes us from going over the programme in detail. All the pieces were vociferously applauded—as they deserved to be—and the singers as frequently re-called. Miss Sherrington, Mr Hollins, and Mr Beale divided the "encores" among them. A vocal and instrumental concert is underlined for Saturday week.—*Blackpool Times*, Jan. 28.

BRIGHTON.—The members of the Brighton Amateur Choral Union recently gave a concert for the Sussex County Hospital. The entertainment was held in the upper room of the Town Hall. The audience was large and the programme well arranged, including, besides orchestral pieces, a number of songs, glees, and recitations. The "artists" were Misses Chatfield, Marion Chatfield, Lottie Birch, Fannie Cash, Annie Burton, and Ada Phillips; Messrs Arthur Mullins, W. A. Wilson, W. H. Judd, W. Pullen, George Wiley, H. Pullen, and A. Towner. The glees were given by the choir, Mr W. Pullen acting as conductor.—The members of the Brighton Symphony Society and Madrigal Union gave a concert at the Royal Pavilion on Monday evening.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programmes of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 29th, 1880:—

| | |
|---|-----------------|
| Organ Concerto, in G major | Bach. |
| Andante from the Organ Sonata in D minor | Alphonse Maily. |
| Festival Prelude on the Chorale "Ein feste Burg" | G. A. Thomas. |
| Entr'act from the opera of <i>Almira</i> | Handel. |
| Fugue, in B flat, from the Oboe Concertos | Handel. |
| Variations for the Organ on a Theme by Beethoven | G. Merkel. |
| Wedding March (Collection of Organ Pieces, Book 6, No. 31) | W. T. Best. |

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 31st, 1880:—

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| Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, in D minor | Bach. |
| Adagio, in E flat, from a Quartet | Spohr. |
| Organ Concerto, in C minor | Handel. |
| Andantino for the Organ, in E major | C. V. Alkan. |
| Canzonetta from the First Quartet | Mendelssohn. |
| March from the Second Set of Organ Pieces | Th. Salome. |

R. Genée's *Seecadet*, under the title of the *Cadet de Marine*, has been for some time announced at the Fantaisies-Parisiennes, Brussels.

WARSAW.—Mdle Marie Krebs, Mad. Kochanska-Sembrich, and Herr Grützmacher, have been giving a series of concerts with exceptional success. At the first concert Mdle Krebs and Herr Grützmacher completely entranced the audience by their rendering of Beethoven's Sonata in A major for Piano and Violoncello and Chopin's Polonaise for the same instruments. Among the solo pieces performed by the fair and gifted pianist was Rubinstein's Waltz in F major, with the motive from *Der Freischütz*.

RACINE AND MUSIC.*

(Continued from page 821.)

In this order of ideas, the right one, as we cannot repeat too frequently, in every kind of musical composition, the author of this new *Athalie* had some happy inspirations, such, for instance, as the pretty duet for soprani, "Il donne aux fleurs leur aimable peinture," the following grand chorus: "O mont de Sinai," and the sorrowful melopoeia of the soprano solo: "Vous qui ne connaissez qu'une crainte servile." The recitatives ushering in the choruses of the second act are broadly declaimed, and there are, also, some praiseworthy passages in the soprano air with chorus on the line: "O bienheureux mille fois l'enfant que le Seigneur aime," though the repetitions themselves of the chorus are too poor in melody; the duet: "O palais de David," is well laid for the voice, though not well accompanied by a battery of arpeggios: but, to compensate for this, the final chorus, "Combien de fois, Seigneur," is powerful in character and full of movement. The chorus: O promesse, ô menace, ô ténébreux mystère," appended to Joad's ecstatic invocation, is marked by pleasing sentiment and terminates elegantly, but the canticle on the lines: "D'un cœur qui t'aime, mon Dieu, qui peut troubler la paix?" is really very poor, with its long pedal note, C; on the other hand, the final chorus of the fourth act: "Où sont les traits que tu lances?" is broadly treated and contains some good things, if only the opening phrase with its seraphic accompaniment. In a word, and notwithstanding this general criticism, M. J. Arnold's setting of *Athalie*, with which many people are unacquainted, even by name, is certainly worth as much as others they may have heard—with more or less pleasure; but that is not the question—a fact proving once more that in everything, but especially in music, the great difficulty for a man is to get his works brought out and to render his name well known.

The Comédie-Française had, on the 8th April, 1859, another solemn revival of *Athalie*, with the choruses. The greatest possible care had been taken with the cast: Mmes Devoyod, Stella Collas, little Marie Dubreuil, MM. Beauvallet and Maubant, figured in it respectively as Josabeth, Zacharie, Joad, Joad, and Abner. Lastly, in order that the proceedings might be complete, a prizeman of the Conservatory, a pupil of Halévy's, had been selected to compose fresh music for the choruses, and some fifty pupils of the same institution, all young and full of zeal, were charged with executing them. The score assumed generally a little too much the character of grand opera, and a certain chorus of armed Levites, which produced some effect in consequence of its noise, and was encored in consequence of the effect thus produced, is, in rhythm and accent, more pompous and stager than religious. "The composer," writes Deadé Saint-Yves, "has taken the liberty of adding to the maidens of the tribe of Levi a chorus of Levites, and, despite the respect due to the wishes of great masters, we cannot blame him for this happy act of temerity. The poetry is in no wise injured by it, and the musical effect gains in power and breadth. . . . A tenor and a barytone, MM. Peschard and Roudil; two sopranos, Mdles Ferdinand and Gauthier; two contraltos, Mdles Cazat and Durand, gave a very good rendering of the detached strophes which alternate with the concerted pieces. The Biblical colouring characterising the introduction is reflected in the first three choruses, and, by a skilfully managed progression, transformed, between the fourth and the fifth act, into a warlike song addressed to the God of Israel by the armed Levites before they march to the combat. . . . A beginning like this justifies us in auguring well for the future of the composer in a dramatic career. If some one will only aid him in getting a work produced at one of our large theatres, we have reason to believe it will not be long ere our prognostications are realised.† "Aux derniers les bons," says a French proverb, and, to make it come true, we have reserved the last place for Mendelssohn.

It was at the end of 1842, or at the commencement of the following year, that, on his return to Leipzig from a trip to Switzerland, Mendelssohn, at the express desire of the King of Prussia, who had just added to the musician's titles that of Inspector General of Religious Music in Prussia, set about composing music for *Athalie* and *Edipus in Colonus*. He was then suffering from a perfect fever for production. "You have no

* From *La Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*.

† *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, 17th April, 1859.

idea," he wrote to his Mother, "of the work accumulated on my table: a chorus of *Antigone* to look through; the score and parts of my *Symphony in A minor* to correct; and a heap of letters to write. Raupach has sent the first chorus of *Athalie* for me to set. I am turning over in my mind the choruses of *Edipus*. I want to finish the score of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, &c."

But why had the King of Prussia requested Mendelssohn to set the choruses of *Athalie*? Connected with this there is a story in circulation, savouring somewhat of romance, like so many other tales concocted at pleasure about sovereigns and composers; but as the truth may not appear probable, there is no objection to the story being repeated once more; the reader need believe only as much as he likes of it. King Friedrich Wilhelm IV., brother and predecessor of the present monarch, was not very popular with his subjects, who reproached him, above all things, with too strong a tendency towards mysticism and ultra-religious proclivities. Highly intelligent, however; of a superior and well cultivated mind; extremely well-read and very artistic; the King encouraged literature, art, and philosophy, liberally extending his protection to all the great men whom he had attracted to and retained at his Court: Alexander von Humboldt, Ludwig Tieck, Rauch, the sculptor, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, &c. One day—it was about 1840 or 1841—that the King was to go to the theatre for the purpose of hearing *Athalie* with Schulz's music, some persons organised a little demonstration, for which the author and the composer were supposed responsible, and of which they were the victims, but which was really directed against the religious tendencies of the sovereign. Schulz's music, which generally evoked hearty applause, was listened to in icy silence; then, when the King attempted by his bravos to counteract this apathy, which astonished him, the audience responded only by murmurs, and, when the King persisted in applauding—it is here the romance begins—the public persisted in their silence, until they at last got to hissing the performance—or the King.

Friedrich Wilhelm was unwilling to put up with this check, but, perceiving that a fresh attempt under the same conditions would lead to a repetition of the result, he thought he would cover himself with the Berliners' love to Mendelssohn, and he asked the latter to write new music for *Athalie*. Mendelssohn, who until then had been rather in the shade at Berlin, eagerly accepted the opportunity of putting himself forward and gaining in the Prussian capital the position in the front rank which he had previously occupied at Düsseldorf; the King, on his part, wishing to make sure of victory, and strike a dazzling stroke, began by having the new score produced at his private theatre of Sans-Souci, at a private performance of *Athalie*, Tieck, the poet, having himself put the piece on the stage. It was not till after this successful trial before the Court that the King ordered the tragedy, thus rendered young again, to be represented at the Theatre Royal, Berlin. It was consequently brought out there on the 1st December, 1845, but was at first received with great reserve, a fact attributable doubtless to the same sentiments as those which had guided the public in their first demonstration; the piece soon recovered the blow, however, when the fit of humour had blown over, and obtained a firm hold of the Berlin amateurs. And this is the way, if the story is true, a prince, who is a clever man, may appease any political cabal on the part of his subjects by offering them some valuable musical creation or other. The only sufferer in the matter was poor Schulz, whose score, applauded on the previous day, was for ever buried beneath Mendelssohn's; and, as one musician was destined to profit by it, another was doomed to be the victim of this war between a people and their King.

(To be continued.)

BERLIN.

(Correspondence.)

Herr Josef Rubinstein is giving performances of J. S. Bach's *Wohltemperirtes Klavier* in the rooms of the Architektenhaus. The first came off on the 15th inst. before an audience less numerous than "select." Herr Rubinstein, who resides with Wagner at Bayreuth and makes pianoforte arrangements of the oracular inspirations, is the gentleman who signalled himself so doubtfully not very long ago, by his (or rather by his master's) attack on Schumann in the *Bayreuther Blätter*. It is not astonishing that the admirers of Schumann failed to put in an appearance at the concert of his detractor, and, as they abound here, Herr Rubinstein (Josef) cannot

be said to have achieved a pecuniary any more than an artistic success. He plays well, but eight fugues and as many preludes, at one sitting, are somewhat *de trop*. Another concert in the same locality was that of Herr Woldemar von Pachmann, pianist from Odessa. The programme, including works by various composers, afforded the concert-giver ample opportunity for proving himself a practised artist. The programme of the second Singacademie concert contained J. S. Bach's Mass in A major, "Te Deum" by Fr. Kiel and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*.—In his second lecture on the *History of Music* at Professor Schwantzer's Conservatory, Herr Bussler spoke of the development of music from Palestrina to Bach and of the position held in art by Rameau, Handel, and Bach.

For Hendecasyllabics.

Midnight, deep in the winter, whilst I quietly
Lay not sleeping and yet not waking either,
Came there one that I knew full well for hatred
Leaning over my bed and breathed upon me.
On my forehead I felt it hot and noisome,
Felt his breath to my face, my lips—it woke me,
Whereupon I beheld the ghost of anguish
Near beside me—I shuddered at his nearness.
Eyelids heavy or eyes all red and troubled,
Painful brows with the hair above all reeking,
Burning hands that had touched my brain and burnt it,
Crooked hands that had touched my heart and torn it:
In one hand did he hold a cup of poison,
In the other he held a leaden garland:
So the terrible foe I'd nigh forgotten,
Fearful, silent and strange did stand before me.
Now he stayed not, but said, "Remember sometimes,"
Then went forth and I vaguely saw him vanish,
Fire, gloom, foulness and poison clouds about him—
Saw him vaguely in wonder-vapour vanish.
In the room was a feeble dying nightlight,
Loudly muttered a watch among the shadows,
Mice that nibbled I heard from out the crannies,
While there travel'd a third beneath my pillow,
As I lay without sleep but yet not restless,
Never wanting to move but thinking, thinking
Just as perhaps in his grave a dead man thinketh.
Sounds came dreadfully crawling down the chimney,
One said, "Wind had the world within his clutches,"
One said, "Held it and shook it with teeth grinding,"
One said, "Frowned with an evil look." I listened.
Then I heard the far noise, the wild weird roaring
Seas and sands and the wind, mixed up, were making;
And I fell into musing all on marvels,
What the world was and all those things around me,
Till a vision appeared. A silent maiden
With a face that the weights of hair o'er-shaded
Making dusky the milkiness of forehead,
Making dusky the eyes already dusky
Down there blending in great deep bays of beauty,
Making dusky the cheeks—in desecration
For I dreamt that my lips were glued against them.

Polksh.

Boswell's descriptions of the Corsicans are as graphic and lively as almost anything of the kind in our literature. Men of all classes appear to have been genuinely fond of him. Numbers of them went to see him in the morning, and he allowed them to "go out and in as they pleased." He did everything in his power to make them think well of the British, and with characteristic audacity "bid them hope for an alliance with us." One day they insisted on hearing him play upon his German flute. He at once consented, and after giving them one or two Italian airs he tried them with "some of our beautiful old Scots tunes, Gilderoy, the Lass of Patie's Mill, Corn rigs are Bonnie." The Corsicans were "charmed" with these specimens; but their applause was boisterous when he sang to them "Hearts of Oak." Never had he seen men so delighted with a song. "Cuore di quercio," cried they, "bravo Inglese." "It was quite a joyous riot," and the triumphant singer fancied himself "to be a recruiting sea-officer," with all his "chorus of Corsicans aboard the British fleet."—"Tour to Corsica," and *Pall Mall Gazette*, 26th Jan. [Why "Tour to Corsica?"—DR BLIDGE.]

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

DR HANS VON BÜLOW.—The last appearance of this extraordinary pianist, at the Popular Concerts, is announced for Monday night. Let no one capable of appreciating more than ordinary extra-extraordinary manipulation miss the occasion. The fogs that have prevailed since his arrival among us came to remind the astounding virtuoso of his remarks upon Sterndale Bennett, while looking out from the windows of hotels at the atmospheric conglomerations of Sheffield. The fogs will stick to the Doctor whenever, with the confidence of amazing virtuosity, he sets heavy foot upon these shores. Why has no edict been issued from Wolzogen-Rubinstein-Blätter (signed and sealed at Wahnfried-Bayreuth), to suppress fogs during his sojourn here? It can hardly be on account of the famous Nero letter, to which forsaken Hanover gave publicity? Schott! Schott! August Schott! thou hast much to answer for! Schott, we esteem thee as an equestrian—but (&c).

M. Francisque Sarcey complains that the Théâtre-Français is becoming too commercial, and, forgetting it is subsidized by the State, plays to make money. He also complains of the time devoted to preparations when a piece is to be produced or revived. For example, the *Cid* of Corneille, put on the stage "à neuf" five years ago, is about to be reproduced; and though the Comédie ought to be able to perform it at a moment's notice, there have already been from fifty to sixty rehearsals. The ordinary comedians of the Republic have been rehearsing Victorien Sardou's *Daniel Rochat* now three months, "from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m." daily. M. Sarcey objects to artists being "trained like dancing dogs." Perhaps this in some degree makes the performances at the Théâtre-Français, with all their excellence, monotonous; for a long preliminary training must damp the sacred flame that comes through inspiration.—S. S. [Bother Francisque Sarcey and the "Comédie," about which such a quantity of vapid nonsense has been written that the whole thing has become a mere farce. What a foreigner-bestridden people are we English!—DR BLIDGE.]

THE manager of the Serbian National Theatre, Belgrade, recently resolved to produce Glinka's opera, *Life for the Czar*. As, however, the purchase of new dresses would materially increase the cost of production, he wrote as follows to his colleague of the Grand Theatre, Moscow:—"My Russian Brother, we have determined here to bring out your national opera, *Schianj sa Zarja*, but our poverty prevents our purchasing the requisite costumes. We beg you, therefore, brother, to lend us yours for a few nights." The reply from Moscow ran thus:—"Regret extremely that we are unable to assist our Serbian brothers, but are ourselves hard up for costumes."

THERE are in Rome nineteen theatres, capable of accommodating a grand total of 34,000 persons. The Apollo holds 3,500; the Argentine, 3,500; the Nazionale (in course of construction), 5,000; the Politeama, 4,000; the Valle, 1,500; the Corea, 2,500; the Capranica, 1,200; the Circo Real, 4,000; the Manzoni, 700; the Rossini, 400; the Metastasio, 750; the Quirino, 850; the Sferisterio, 3,600; the Ripetta (in course of construction), 2,500; the Goldoni, 400; the San Carlo a Callinari, 450; the Conzoline, 300; the Alfieri, 250; and the Tiberino, 200.

THE following is a list of the new operas produced in Italy during the year 1879, together with the names of the composers, date and place of first performance: 1, *Ero e Leandro*, lyric tragedy, 3 acts, G. Bottesini, 11th Jan., Teatro Regio, Turin; 2, *Il Taumaturgo*, semi-serious, 3 acts, Cesare Sanfiorino, 28th Jan., Teatro Dal Verme, Milan; 3, *Patria*, lyric drama, 4 acts, E. Bernardi, 5th Feb., Teatro Sociale, Lodi; 4, *Caterina da Vinzaglio*, lyric drama, 4 acts, B. Pozzolo, 7th Feb., Teatro Civico, Vercelli; 5, *Cleopatra*, opera w. ballet, 4 acts, Bonamici, 8th Feb., Fenice, Venice; 6, *Le Donne curiose*, comic melodrama, 3 acts, E. Usiglio, 11th Feb., Teatro Real, Madrid; 7, *Jolanda*, lyric drama, 4 acts, Burgio di Villafiorita, 20th Feb., Teatro Grande, Brescia; 8, *Annalena*, serious, 3 acts, P. Miucci, 16th March, Teatro Grande, Signa; 9, *Maria Tudor*, lyric drama, 4 acts, C. A. Gomez, 27th March, Scala, Milan; 10, *Silvano*, lyric drama, 3 acts, C. Graziani Walter, April 19th, Teatro Nuovo, Florence; 11, *L'Assedio di Cesare*, opera w. ballet, 4 acts, G. Persiani, 8th May,

* Performed for the first time in Italy, on the 15th Nov., at the Teatro Dal Verme, Milan.

Teatro Maruccino, Chieti; 12, *Babilas*, comic, 4 acts, C. Rossi, 9th May, Teatro Mercadante, Naples; 13, *Il Ritratto di Perla*, idyll, 3 acts, C. Rossi, 17th May, Teatro Bellini, Naples; 14, *Il Barbieri di Siviglia*, idyll, 3 acts, A. Graffigna, 17th May, Teatro Concorde, Padua; 15, *Teodora o la Figlia dell' Arcetrotrofo*, comic and satirical, L. Miola, 1st June, Teatro Nuovo, Naples; 16, *Mateida*, lyric tragedy, 4 acts, A. Scontrino, 19th June, Teatro Dal Verme, Milan; 17, *I Ciarlatani*, buffo opera, 2 acts, L. Nicolai, 27th Sept., Teatro Nuovo, Pisa; 18, *Adelina*, serious melodrama, 3 acts, L. Sozzi, 30th Sept., Teatro Sociale, Lecco; 19, *Anna Blondel*, serious melodrama, 3 acts, P. Bianchedi, 1st Oct., Teatro Sociale, Corinaldo; 20, *Riccardo III.*, lyric drama, 4 acts, L. Canepa, 10th Nov., Teatro Carcano, Milan; 21, *Cloe*, lyric drama, 4 acts, Mascanzoni, 15th Nov., Teatro Comunale, Bologna; 22, *La Figlia del Diavolo*, sea-legend, D'Arienzo, 13th Nov., Teatro Bellini, Naples; 23, *Preziosa*, lyric drama, 3 acts, Smareglia, 19th Nov., Teatro Dal Verme, Milan; 24, *Don Riego*, lyric drama, 4 acts, Dall'Olio, 29th Nov., Teatro Argentina, Rome; 25, *Elisha*, melodrama, 4 acts, Tessitore, 4th Dec., Teatro Vittorio Emanuele, Turin.

A GRAND-DUCAL CONDUCTOR.

Herr Wilhelm Porth, who died in 1874, as a member of the company at the Theatre Royal, Dresden, has left us in his *Memoirs* some interesting details concerning Ludwig I., Grand-Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt. When Herr Porth went to Darmstadt, the Grand-Duke was in his seventy-first year. With regard to his personal appearance, we learn that His Royal Highness was tall, but very much bent, as though bowing in devout prayer. His chin rested on his breast, and his weak, ailing legs appeared to have great difficulty in supporting his body. His face, however, was full and fresh, his eye large and of the most beautiful blue, and his carefully kept hair smoothed down flat on his head. He was always dressed in a simple dark-blue military uniform, and dark trousers, with his tender feet encased in high velvet spatter-dashes. It was in this costume that he walked from the palace to the theatre, that he appeared at the opera-rehearsals, and at public performances. He was never seen by Herr Porth with anything on his head, even in the bitter days of winter, with twenty degrees of cold. All the operatic rehearsals were conducted by him in person. These rehearsals, remarkable of their kind, took place on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings, from 6 to 8 o'clock, and it was considered a great favour for any stranger to be allowed to attend one. At a quarter to 6, all persons concerned were in their places, the instruments having been previously tuned in the music-room. Only on rare occasions was a bow heard passing gently over a violin. In the orchestra, the *Capellmeister* stood with his conducting-stick at the piano, while all the members of the chorus were ranged in a semi-circle on the stage. In the midst of them stood the stage-manager, and on the left hand the singers, male and female. Exactly at the sixth stroke of the clock, the Grand-Duke stepped out from the first entrance on the right. Coming down towards the front, he raised himself from his stooping position, and ran his eye over his people, as he was wont to call them. His first salutation was for the ladies, and it was considered a sign of great condescension if he gave one his hand and offered her his cheek to kiss. When this was all over, he proceeded to his desk, placed close to the footlights. He drew forth his conducting-stick from where it was concealed in his uniform, tapped on his desk, and the orchestra struck up, following him in everything. In the year 1826, this orchestra consisted of 1 *Capellmeister*, 1 leader, 1 Court Music-Master, 72 regular members, and 9 pupils. The rehearsals lasted, as a rule, not longer than from 6 to 8 o'clock, only one act being gone through. Not the smallest detail escaped the illustrious conductor's observation. He gave his directions to the stage-manager and the singers in a low voice, but dispensed praise or blame to the band in a loud tone. With the utmost difficulty he often descended into the orchestra, and any offending musician had to repeat a passage even ten times, if necessary, till it was played to the Grand-Duke's satisfaction. When very much pleased with the orchestra, he stepped forward and said: "*Donner und Teufel*, that was splendid!" or: "*Donner und Teufel*, it went well to-day!" He indicated the close of the rehearsal simply by putting his conducting-stick in his pocket. He then saluted once more the band, the singers, and the members of the chorus, spoke for a few minutes to the stage-manager, and disappeared at the wing.

MR CARL ROSA'S OPERA COMPANY.

(From the "Graphic.")

That *The Taming of the Shrew* is a genuine artistic success, and that it is destined to become a stock-piece in the repertory of our "Opera in English," may now be taken for granted. Its continuous melody—unlike the so-termed "infinite melos" of Richard Wagner and his disciples, a "melos" composed, for the greater part, of "shreds and patches"—has but to impress itself upon the general ear, only too eager for that rhythmically balanced tune which some of our actual teachers are disposed to consign to the limbo of rejected frivolity, in order to obtain the wide popularity which is its fair desest. The powerfully dramatic treatment of the story so well known among us as that of Katharine (why not the legitimately Shakespearean "Katharina?") and Petruchio, indicating a gift which makes the early loss of Herrman Goetz even more to be regretted than that other gift that enabled him to write the orchestral symphony in F, would speedily do the rest. The opera, indeed, is in its way a masterpiece, and as such destined to long endurance. Let us hope that England ("unmusical," notwithstanding its wealth of aboriginal melody) may do for Goetz what it has done for Bizet, and make of *The Taming of the Shrew* a fireside talk as it has made of *Carmen*. To what was said last week about the performance, it will suffice to add that—thanks to Signor Randegger—it improves on each occasion. A better Katharine than Miss Minnie Hauk it would be difficult to find, and amid all its impetuous vagaries, enough of the true woman's nature is revealed to make any careful observer envious of the Petruchio (so ably impersonated by Mr Walter Bolton), who subdues—or, in strict parlance, "tames"—her. That we have had the *Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana* may be taken for granted, and that these "good old-fashioned English operas" have drawn crowded and enthusiastic audiences, who applaud everything and "encore" all they may "encore" with propriety, will be just as easily understood. If the maxim of Samuel Johnson—"Whatever pleases many must have merit"—be accepted, the unabated popularity of these emanations from the genius of Michael Balfe and Vincent Wallace, two children of "Erin," is easily accounted for. Sneers are uselessly expended on works that have won the sympathy of so large a majority, that have held it for forty years and more, and are likely to hold it for forty years to come. Whatever new phenomena may arise in the operatic horizon (some of them, by the way, like the phantoms that delirium paints on darkness), such genial, as well as genuine things, as these (we do not speak of the libretti of Messrs Bunn and Fitzball, which are what Wagner would call "doubtful," but simply of the music) are sure to be welcomed with unconcealed delight, as was wont to be the case in the time of old Pantomime—*real* Pantomime—after the scene of the "Transformation," when the metamorphosed Clown exclaimed, "Here we are again! How d'ye do to-morrow?" That the two Hibernian operas are thoroughly well represented by Mr Rosa's company it is hardly requisite to say. We have an Arline and a Maritana in Miss Georgina Burns, a Thaddeus and Don Caesar de Bazan in Mr Maas, with whom the composers themselves would have been more than satisfied. The *Lily of Killarney* of Sir Julius Benedict, too—an Irish opera *pur sang*, though set to music by a German composer who knew how to catch the spirit of the Celtic melody, followed, as a matter of course, the two already named, of which, in the estimation of the "many headed" (the discerning few recognising its superior merit as a work of art), it is the only admitted rival. The cast was, on the whole, excellent, and the performance, under Signor Randegger, effective in proportion. Miss Gaylord is a prepossessing Eily—a "Colleen Bawn" of the legitimate type; the part of Hardress Cregan is well suited to Mr F. C. Packard, Mr Leslie Crotty, if not Santley *redivivus*, makes a highly favourable impression as Danny Mann; Mr Snazelle is a "comfortable" Father Tom, Miss Giulia (why not Julia?) Warwick a graceful Anne Chute, and Mr Charles Lyall, for quiet humour and thorough comprehension of the dramatic significance of the character, the best Myles-na-Coppaleen we remember. The opera was heartily enjoyed

by an audience that, but for the fog which enveloped all London, would have been twice as numerous.

The first performance of *Lohengrin*, announced for Thursday evening, was, for reasons unexplained, deferred to a future occasion. Great curiosity is naturally felt as to how the mythic "Knight of the Swan" may impress our public in an English dress. That it may prove as acceptable generally as was *The Flying Dutchman* must be desired by every well-wisher to Mr Carl Rosa's enterprise.

—o—
WAIFS.

Advice to the girls: Look before you leap—this year.

Mad. Bianca Donadio is singing at the Pergola, Florence.

M. Adolphe Fischer, the Belgian violoncellist, is playing in New York.

Sig. Tamagno has been created Knight of the Portuguese Order of Christ.

Herr Keppler is appointed artistic director of the Residenztheater, Berlin.

Herr Laube has resumed the direction of the Stadttheater, Vienna.

Goldmark's *Königin von Saba* has been produced at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

Sig. Bavagnoli is composing for Sig. Ricordi, of Milan, an opera, entitled *Adelchi*.

The season at the Grand-Théâtre, Ghent, was inaugurated with Lecocq's *Petit Duc*.

Lecocq's opera, *La Jolie Persane*, is being played at the Theater an der Wien, Vienna.

Mad. D'Angeri has made her *début* in Madrid as Valentine, Señor Gayarre being the Raoul.

The grand annual concert of the Brussels Société de Musique will take place on the 8th February.

Mad. Gallmeyer has written to deny that she contemplates becoming manageress of the Theatre, Gratz.

A new musical paper, the *Musical Bulletin*, has been started by the Hershey School of Musical Art, Chicago.

Jean Laurent Batta, pianist, and brother of Alexander Batta, the violoncellist, died a short time since at Nancy.

A pamphlet: *La Symphonie fantastique d'Hector Berlioz*, by M. Georges Noufflard, has been published in Florence.

A pamphlet descriptive of the *Symphonie Fantastique* of Berlioz has been published at Florence. What next and next?

The Circulo Filarmonico, Genoa, are taking measures to celebrate the 31st anniversary of Donizetti's death on the 8th April.

A prize has been offered at Frankfort-on-the-Maine for the best opera. The judges are Ferdinand Hiller, Joachim Raff, and Jahn.

Herr Lebatt has renewed his engagement at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, for several years and with a largely increased salary.

Herr Raffael Joseffy was announced to give three concerts—one on each of the three days: the 13th, 15th, and 17th inst.—in Music Hall, Boston (U.S.).

A new edition of Herr Bitter's *Johann Sebastian Bach* is announced at Berlin. It is strange to see a Minister of Finance occupying his leisure with such studies.

A little boy said he did not want the soft part of the biscuit. "Some little boys," observed his mother, "would be very glad to get it." "Then why don't you give it them?" said the four-year-old.

GLOBE THEATRE.—At the second special *matinée* of *Les Cloches de Corneville*, on Wednesday, the boys of the Royal Naval School, Greenwich, attended by invitation of the management, and, during the afternoon, some selections were played by their band.

The bass drum belonging to the second battalion of the 24th Regiment captured by the Zulus in the late war—but not before all the members of the band, with the exception of one, had been massacred—was re-taken from the enemy after a two months' captivity in Isandula. The drum had been re-modelled Zulu-fashion and used for signalling in the field. It now presents a curious picture of the Zulus' ideas of the use of a musical instrument. The drum has been sent to Messrs Chappell & Co.'s military musical warehouse, to be returned to its original form.

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